

[Interne's Story]

[Phrases and Sayings - ???] 19

JUN 19 1939

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Clarence Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton Street

DATE June 8

SUBJECT Interne's Story

1. Date and time of interview June 5
2. Place of interview Interne's room in N.Y. Hospital
3. Name and address of informant
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

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Saul Levitt

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Clarence Weinstock

ADDRESS 43 Morton Street

DATE June 8

SUBJECT Interne's story TOUGH

One night I'm riding dog - that's the 1 to 9 AM shift - with Gavagan, the biggest —— in the ambulance service and willing to prove it any time. We get a call for a hotel on 50th St. Just before we had an old Italian woman on the west side. We went there. What's the matter? She's lying in bed "oi wehing" in Italian all over the place. "What did you eat?" "Clams". "Good clams?" "Yeh". "Have you eaten clams before?" "Yeh". "Did you have a stomach ache then?" "Sure, every time I eat clams I get a stomach ache an I got to call a doctor. I love clams." Do her something. At four o'clock in the morning! Jeezus!

Right after we go to the 50th St. place. As I go into the lobby the manager comes up very quiet and says "Hello doc, better have a drink." I ask him, "Why, the joint folding up?" "No, you'll see" he says.

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Finally I get upstairs to the eighth floor. Two cops are standing in the hall. One of them motions to me. I notice he's shivering like a dog s——-g razor blades. "I'm not going in there with you, not on my life. "O.K. I open the door. There's an enormous guy lying on

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top of the bed with nothing but a jock strap on. A real bruiser, cauliflowers and everything. A tough egg all right. I close the door softly and ask the copy what he's afraid of. Has the guy got d.t.'s or something? I finally manage to find out that he's the famous wrestler Steve Risko or something and that he fell out of a window on the 11th floor two nights ago and has been crazy ever since. Why they didn't call an ambulance then I don't know. Probably thought it would clear up. So I open the door again. I see the guy coming for me like a bat out of hell. Nothing doing.

Just then some friends of his arrive, a couple of his mat mates. I get a brilliant idea. I tell them. "Come on boys, we're going to tell Steve that he's got to go out to wrestle." So these two eggs go in and shake Steve whose lying on the bed again. Hey Steve, you gotta go out to fight. Big money. There's an auto downstairs ready to take you right to the Garden." And that's how we get him downstairs. But when he sees the ambulance downstairs he goes wild. Five guys couldn't hold him. He fought like a bull in heat. Just as it looks as though we'd have to do I don't know what, a taxi drives up and a little old woman steps out. She comes over and says, "That's my son, Steve, whaddaya doin 3 to him? - AHA. Steve, get up or I'll give you such a thrashing as you never had before in your life." She takes him by the ear and I'll be god damned if he doesn't say "Yes, Ma" and walk right into the ambulance like a lamb. "Lie down Steve or I gonna spank you" says the old lady. "Take him away now" she tells us.

The cops want to go along for the ride but I tell them, "What the hell good are you? A lot of help I got from you when I needed you upstairs. I'll take the wrestlers." The wrestlers get in and I tell Gavagan for Chrissake to get going fast. Now Gavagan is the sort of guy who likes to drive on the left side of the street and on the sidewalk. Go do something about it. He likes to feel the wheels on the curb and a forty four degree angle on the bus around corners. Just for the hell of it. On this trip he's extra fantastic. He practically does figure eights up Broadway. You should have seen and heard those wrestlers. They looked like curdled milk and they were alternately yelling and whispering "For Chrissake let us out of here, we can't stand it." When we pulled up to the hospital they were so god damned

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scared we had to help them out of the bus. They kept telling me, "Jeez you're tough, do you always drive like that?" Incidentally, the guy died two hours after we brought him in. Concussion.

We get off for a while so I tell Gavagan "Let's go to Hector's. That's where all the whores and pimps hand out. The wrestlers won't go with us in the bus but they promise to meet us there. The whores are attracted by our white uniform and they all come over and ask "Doctor, want to 4 examine me?" So you humor them by handing out a few pills and everybody's satisfied. The wrestlers come in and tell us about their game, how most of them get trachoma and so forth, and then one of the whores pipes up and says, "Gee, Doc, I want a thrill, give me a ride in the ambulance." So, though it's strictly against the rules, we ride her around the block. When we get back she says, "Doc, I don't know how to thank you. Can I do anything for you?" I thought a minute and then I said, "Not for me, but maybe you can do something for Gavagan." Gavagan used to be a fighter. When his manager told him he'd have to stop horizontal dancing or quit fighting, he said, "Me lay off the women? To hell with prize-fighting."

Well, she took a long look at Gavagan as if he was a modern painting and then she said, "For you, yes, but for him, no." Was he sore!